

Dakota County Herald

DAKOTA CITY, NEB.

John M. Ream, - - - Publisher

Airships are almost as brittle as gingerbread.

There is one thing that has not advanced in price. Talk is as cheap as ever.

Some married men must have originated the idea of sending kisses by wire.

Boston is losing many of her traditions, but she is still thankful for her baked beans.

Somebody wants to change the name of Oshkosh, Kalamazoo, Koochik and Kankakee are poor-poaching the idea.

Young Philander Chase Knox swears that he will go to work, if there is no other way. We don't know of any.

If in 1,000 years from now it will be possible to live 120 years it is to be hoped that it will be worth while.

The minister who has resigned his pastorate to become an umpire must expect his future audiences to talk back to him.

Cardinal Gibbons says that the rich cannot corner joy. And the poor do not have to suffer all the pain. Life is still worth living.

It will be almost impossible to counterfeits the new French bank notes, but we get this information from the designer, not from the counterfeiters.

The ways of women are past finding out. The divorced husband of an Ohio woman broke his leg and his wife came back and remarried him out of sympathy.

The Supreme Court of Georgia has decided that a woman possesses the inherent right to change her mind. Human nature continues to play a strong hand in Georgia.

A New York cartoonist has been ordered to pay his former wife \$400 a month alimony. This will be likely to add to the number of young men who are learning to be cartoonists.

Philander Knox, Jr., has begun his career as a married man by selling two automobiles. He has evidently discovered that it will keep him busy supporting a wife on \$100 a month.

Animated by a burning ambition to do good and make his countrymen happy, a distinguished investigator hastens to assure everybody that the prices of things were just as high in 1837 as they are now, if not a little higher.

Public charity is not always kind, but the order recently issued by the Boston police commissioner indicates that he understands human nature. Hereafter the names of families found in destitution are to be kept from the public and reported only to such authorities as have a right to know and a desire to give relief.

The inducements to temperance are many. A small town recently voted to remain "dry" for fifty years in order to accept the conditional gift of a millionaire, who offered it as electric light plant, a sewerage system and, to cap the climax, a water works plant. Other improvements of less importance were included in the proviso. All in all, everybody, even the millionaire, is benefited.

Four hundred and fifty-nine dollars is the amount which a young man working as a day laborer saved in two years. He had insisted in an argument that a laborer can save money, and to prove his point announced that he would save four hundred dollars in twenty-four months. He worked for eleven different men in that time, and the highest wage he received was forty dollars a month. But he demonstrated that a man can save money if he is willing to make an effort.

Mrs. Martin W. Littleton's Bible study class has evoked many imitations in New York, and society women, we are told by voracious correspondents, are enthusiastic over the new departure. Quite apart from its religious significance, the Bible is a comprehensive compendium of literary excellence in which the most capricious mind can find satisfaction. Romance, war, government, intrigue, law and civilization are all written into its wonderful pages. And, to judge from the stories that fill the newspapers, society will be none the worse for a daily chapter from the Bible. The absence of moral training from the average American school is blamed by many students of history for the present unsettled condition of public and private conscience. It is, perhaps, too much to expect that Bible reading will not only improve the present adult generation, but, if it serves only to awaken the public mind to the necessity of teaching children at least the ordinary virtues of good citizenship, great good will result.

One Dr. Steiner, Professor of Applied Christianity at Iowa College, in a recent address to the Young Men's Christian Association at Columbia University, asserted that "the nine hundred thousand immigrants who came to our shores last year served a far better purpose than an equal number of university graduates unwilling to begin work at the bottom of the ladder." This is one of those broad, sweeping assertions that learned lecturers like to make, perhaps to arouse the flagging interest of their audience and the public. The immigration question can stand upon its own bottom. This country still welcomes aliens with few limitations, and a large percentage of the influx from foreign lands become valuable citizens. But the national commissioner of immigration says that at least two hundred thousand, and probably more, of the aliens who came here last year are not wanted; that they will be of no benefit to the country, but on the contrary a detriment. In 1905 President Roosevelt, speaking of immigra-

tion, said: "Distribution of these aliens is of little value unless there is adequate restriction. These immigrants are wheedled and cajoled often against their best interests, to come here." So it seems that our immigration laws might still be beneficially amended with a view to securing a better class of incoming population and to protecting the immigrants themselves against cajolery and fraud. As for the university graduates and the immigrants, there is no just basis of comparison between them. If the demand is for the most unskilled class of manual labor, perhaps the humble immigrant is more valuable; but a young man, native to the soil, upon whom his family have expended loving pains, as well as money, to train in the right way, and who has had the advantage of one of our great institutions of learning, ought to be more valuable in an all-around way. The complaint that scholastic graduates are not willing to begin at the bottom of the ladder is hardly tenable as applied to the whole graduating body. Most of the educated young men nowadays seem to be willing to begin at the foot, in any line they may choose, and work up. This is one of the facts which afford the most hopeful indication of the future of the country.

BASEBALL IN CANAL ZONE.

Baseball has a Great Hold There as It Has in the United States. Baseball has become as popular here as in the United States, a New York Herald Cristobal (Panama) correspondent says. The American national game is now in its third year of prosperity.

As a matter of fact so strongly has the game taken a hold in this tropical country that little cards reading something like this are found in the offices of heads of departments: "Notice—All requests for leave of absence owing to grandmother's funeral, lame back, house cleaning, moving, sore throat, turning, the wringer, headache, brain storm, cousin's wedding, birth of twins, general indisposition, etc., must be handed to the manager not later than 10 o'clock on the morning of the game."

The Americans brought the game here and it has come to stay. The natives and foreigners have begun to take an interest in the sport, and quite a few not only take part in the "rooting" for the home team, but have learned to play.

Two well organized leagues hold the chief attention, although a number of independent teams have been formed. The two leagues are the Isthmian and the Atlantic. The former is made up of teams representing Panama, Ancon, Colon and the Marines, while the Atlantic is composed of the Commissary, Subistence, Civil Administration, Panama Railroad and Colon. Practically all of these lines are drafted from the men working for the government, but the class of ball put up is exceptionally fast and the rivalry is intense.

The season opens with the dry season, in January, and the fight for the pennant will last until June, when the rains put in an appearance. The competition for places on the regular lines is as spirited and interesting as those which take place in the States where college men are trying for the varsity.

Many previous college ball players are here on the Isthmus, and most of the teams are fully equal to the best of the college and university nines in the United States. Baseball is so American that even those who did not care much for the sport in the States take in the games here and there is no lack of support. The prices for admission in silver run from bleachers at 50 cents to the box seats at \$2.00.

STREET NAMES LISTED.

Reason Why Many Misdirected Letters Reach Their Destination. Absent-minded persons who write a name and street address on a letter and put it in the mail without hint of the town, city or even State to which it is intended to go cost the post office department a lot of trouble and money each year. Many of the partially addressed reach their destination with little delay, the deficiency being supplied by a mail clerk.

It looks like the cleverest kind of work when an envelope addressed to "Samuel Stratton, 405 Colyton street" goes straight to Mr. Stratton at his home in Los Angeles, but a peek behind the postal scenes shows that it is easy after all. The department has just issued a 900-page book in which are listed the street names in all of the 1,200 or so cities and towns in which a carrier service is maintained. A glance in this volume, says the Colyton street known in Los Angeles.

Another letter may be addressed to "John Jones, Woodward avenue, between Grand River avenue and State." More than thirty towns or cities have a Woodward avenue, but the only city in which all three of the streets are found is Detroit, Mich. The book shows it and the letter goes on its way.

In the same way a letter addressed to St. Paul when the writer meant St. Louis eventually finds its way to the right address through the use of the index.

It is not all so easy, however. The book fills out a deficiency only when the name of the street is unusual. A letter to "John Brown, 200 Main street," will end up in the dead letter office, because of the 1,200 cities listed about 900 boats of a Main street.

Chestnut street and High street are also common, there being 400 or more of each listed. There are more than 500 Washington streets. Union and High streets occur about 400 times, and Maple and Water are found in about 350 communities. There are 300 Broadway streets.

Thirty-seven cities have Roosevelt streets, twenty-one bear Bryan's name and eight Taft streets are found, although there is no proof that they were named after the Presidents and the candidate. Names of prominent Americans of former days occur frequently, but those of the present day are less frequent. Carnegie street is found in only three towns, and but two streets bear the name of Rockefeller.

One woman can stir up more trouble than a dozen mere men.



YOU AND "ANOTHER FELLOW" BUILT A BOAT.

—Minneapolis Journal.

LOVE AND LIVE.

All my past, life is mine no more; The flying hours are gone. Like transient dreams given o'er Whose images are kept in store By memory alone.

The time that it is to come is not; How can it then be mine? The present moment's all I got; And that, as fast as it is got, Phyllis, is only thine.

Then talk not of inconstancy False hearts and broken vows; If I by miracle can be This live-long minute true to thee, 'Tis all that heaven allows. —The Earl of Rochester.

Wedding Gifts

"Oh, Ferd!" exclaimed the engaged girl to the engaged young man who had just entered the hall door. Then she threw herself into his arms and burst into tears.

"Why, Kathie," gasped the mystified Ferd, "what's up?"

"Oh, Ferd!" moaned Katharine amid strangled sobs. "Did you ever see anything more hideous in all your life?" She held up something round, smooth and pearly white in color.

"Think of wearing it! Think of it, Ferd! Oh, of all spiteful creatures, girls are the worst!"

Katharine sniffed recuperatively and dabbed a bit of lace upon her discolored eyes. Presently she was in a condition to tell her story.

"The Alpha Zeta girls did it just because it makes them jealous to think that I'm about to marry such a splendid man as you. They are, Ferd," she insisted, as the young man smiled a bit incredulously. "Though, in fairness to them, I will admit there is the smallest chance possible of their having actually imagined that I'd like this frightful thing."

"You see," began Katharine confidentially, as she settled herself comfortably beside the young man, "when Clara Frazier was married last June the Alpha Zetas decided to give her a handsome bracelet. And I gave in my little \$1.50—I, who love Clara as I should love a viper. Do you remember, Ferd, when you both happened to be on the same train going to Detroit a year ago? Of course, I know that you were merely polite to her, but she actually made so much out of your attentions to her when she told about them that the girls thought you and I were on the point of quarreling. Since then Clara and I have kept up a perfect fiction of friendship. If we meet as often as three times a day she always kisses me on both cheeks and, opening her eyes wide, inquires sweetly, 'How's Ferd?'"

"Well, to get back to Clara's wedding present, I was one of the committee of three appointed to select the bracelet. For some reason or other we put off making the purchase till the last day. By that time Carrie had sprained her ankle roller skating and Helen had to help her mother pack for a trip to New York, so I was left to choose the gift all by myself.

"I had a perfectly miserable time, Ferd. All the way downtown I juggled possible and impossible designs up and down in my mind. By the time the salesman began bringing out tray after tray of bracelets for my inspection I was utterly confused.

"Of course, some of them were dreams. There were gay Parisian designs and hand-wrought orientals. I saw a silver bracelet set with turquoise, native drilled and warranted never to fade. There was a beauty in rose gold with enamel flower tracings and studs of pearls. But did I select one of these? Never!

"I waved aside all the lovely ones and chose a silver beaded affair. It was an ugly Wall of Troy pattern set with eight lapis lazulis and three cream jades. There wasn't a bit of high light on the article. Altogether it was the ugliest bracelet I ever saw in all my life—except this one here.

"I was ashamed to think what the handsome young salesman might conclude about my intellect, so I told him that the bracelet was not for me but for an elderly person of peculiar tastes. Of course, 25 is elderly, and if Clara weren't odd she never would have dreamed that she could make that sweet-minded Billy Thompson happy for life.

"As I expected, the girls all looked rather shocked when I opened the white velvet box for their inspection;

AN INTELLIGENT REPTILE.

Do animals possess the power of logical judgment, or, as we often say, reason? Naturalists—and others—have long debated the question, and are still divided. A writer in Science, without committing himself on the point, tells what he saw on a country road in Georgia, and every reader will agree with him that it was remarkable.

A commotion in the underbrush beside the road attracted his attention. He investigated the cause, and saw a conchwhip snake about four feet long struggling with a lizard less than a foot long. They were not fighting; the snake was trying to eat the lizard.

Occasionally the lizard would get away, but the snake would at once give chase and recapture him. The snake invariably caught his prey by the body; he acted as if he knew that if he seized him by the tail the lizard would break off the tail and escape.

Finally the lizard, escaping from the snake, darted up a tree; the snake followed. Here the four jointed legs of the lizard gave him the advantage. After darting up the tree a short distance he paused and glanced backward. As often as the snake approached he would again dart forward, stop, and look backward; this happened several times.

Then all of a sudden, the snake dropped to the ground. The lizard continued to gaze downward. About a foot from the tree on which the lizard was resting, head downward, there stood another tree. Spirally up this tree the snake climbed until it was a few inches above the level of the lizard, which was still gazing scrutinizingly downward.

Quietly and quickly the snake extended the front of its body, and with a sudden thrust of its head knocked the lizard to the ground, and before it had time to recover from the unexpected blow the snake had dropped to the ground and recaptured it.

MEDICINE AND THE PRESS.

Good Deal of Unjustifiable Talk About Newspaper Blunders. One of the medical journals devotes a long and scornful article in its current issue to the anatomical and pathological blunders of newspapers. Some of those blunders, it must be admitted, have no little richness of humor. A small western paper, for example, recently accused a man of dying of "pleurisy of the brain." Another announced that a sick man, locally prominent, was recovering from a bad attack of staphylococcus (staphylococcus?) A third paper, this time in the south, recorded a case of "petrification of the heart." News of other hair-raising marvels, of incredible maladies and impossible operations crops up every day on all sides.

It is to be lamented, of course, says the Baltimore Sun, that newspapers are not more accurate in their medical and surgical reports; but the fault, we believe, is not always theirs. Too often the doctors who laugh so loudly to the ancient locus-pocus of the medieval leeches. Medicine, as it is practiced, is still marked by meaningless incantations, absurd circumlocutions, unintelligible dog Latin. The young doctors like to roll sounding words upon their tongues that they may cause the vulgar to marvel, and too often they are never cured of the vice. Just observe the bulletins issued by the learned consultants while a great man lies dying. Very often they are entirely incomprehensible, despite the fact that the information they ordinarily convey might be expressed very well in language easily understood by any layman.

No; the newspapers are not always to blame for their medical errors and when they are their blunders do so a great deal less harm than those of the doctors themselves. A newspaper never gouges out the wrong eye or cuts off the wrong leg. Its mistakes in diagnosis fill no graveyards. It may be comic, but it is never homicidal.

Man of Experience. His Daughter—Daddy, you were 22 when this was taken, weren't you? Why, you might have sat for it yesterday.

Her Father—My yes—your mother's own daughter. Well, well, you'll find it on the table, I think.

His Daughter—Find what, daddy darling?

Her Father—The checkbook, my own lamb.—The Sketch.

A small boy's idea of an entertainment is any kind of a gathering where refreshments are served.

THE VERY SAME THING.

to marry me to-morrow if I were as spiteful as some girls?—Chicago News.

Still Learning. Three weeks before his death, when he was nearly 80 years old, Corot, the painter, said to a friend: "You have no idea of the things I could paint now. I see what I have never seen before. It seems to me that I could never before have been able to make a sky. That which is before me is much rosier, profounder, more transparent. Ah, if I could show you these immense horizons!" In "Corot and His Friends" Everard Meynell gives Albert Wolff's picture of the aged artist. He wrote in 1884:

Only nine years ago one could still, on summer days, see one of the most touching spectacles an artist has ever given to his time.

An old man, come to the completion of a long life, his white hair circled in reflections, clothed in a blouse, sheltered under a parasol, sat, attentive as a scholar, trying to surprise some secret of nature that had escaped him for seventy years, smiling at the chatter of the birds, and now and then throwing them the bar of a song, as happy to live and enjoy the poetry of the fields as he had been at 20.

Old as he was, this great artist still hoped to be learning; for half a century he had been studying the works of creation, and every day they made a revelation to him; for, thought this old man, there can never be an absolute mastery in art, and a lifetime is not long enough to study all the expressions of the face of the earth.

"Two good studies must be made," he said, "or I will break my palette and brushes." And, later on, "I hope with all my heart there will be painting in heaven."

Dear Money. Mrs. Anthony Hope, American wife of the well known English novelist, is as celebrated as her husband for her bon-mots.

At a dinner in New York on her American visit, the young lady expressed her disapproval of mercenary marriages.

"Never marry for money," she said. "You can borrow cheaper."

GOOD SHORT STORIES

Among applicants for service as a general housemaid in a Pittsburgh family was a rawboned Irish girl of rather forbidding aspect. "Do you love children?" asked the mistress of the house, when satisfied that the girl would suit with respect to most requirements. "Well, mum," responded the girl, with a grim smile, "that all depends on the wages."

A clerk in Belgrade, Servia, named Vellalaw Simonovitch, on the strength of an increase of salary, recently telegraphed to a young woman of Los-nitza and asked her to share his fortunes. The regulation tax allows ten words for the minimum fee, and her answer ran: "Yes, gladly, willingly, joyfully, delightedly, gratefully, lovingly, yes, yes, yes."

William Travers Jerome, when district attorney of New York, went down to Georgia to address the Georgia Bar Association. Col. Peter Melchior was showing Jerome around. "You see that man," said the colonel, pointing out a distinguished person who sat on the hotel porch. "I do," said Jerome, "that is a man in whom our state takes great pride. He is Judge—," said the only man in Georgia who can strut sitting down."

M. Paul was a grocer. Rats overran his city, and a price of two sous a head was placed upon them by the town council. M. Paul's errand boy, working early and late, managed to slay ninety rats in the cellars and attics of the shop. The boy took his prey to the city hall, and, returning to the grocery jubilant, showed M. Paul the nine francs he had gained. The grocer held out his palm. "Hand the money here," he said. "You know very well those rats were mine, not yours."

William, a little country boy of six, was snowbound with his mother at the house of an aunt, twenty miles from his own home. The two, who had driven over in a sleigh just to spend the day, were forced to remain three nights and were supplied by the hostess with garments to sleep in. There being no small boys in his aunt's family, William was put to bed in one of his little cousin Deborah's nightgowns, very indignant at having to wear anything with so many frills and lace trimmings around the neck and on the sleeves. "I won't stand it, mummer," he loudly protested on the second night. "I won't wear anything so girly! I'll run away, you see if I don't, and perish in a snowdrift before I'll put that thing on again. Why, rather than wear that—that valentine nightgown—I'll sleep raw!"

Brisly enters the sleek-looking agent, approaching the desk of the meek, machine-looking man and opening one of those folding thingumajigs showing styles of binding. "I believe I can interest you in this massive set of books containing the speeches of the world's greatest orators. Seventy volumes, \$1 down and \$1 a month until the price, \$650, has been paid. This set of books gives you the most celebrated speeches of the greatest talkers the world has ever known and—"

"Let me see the index," says the meek man. The agent hands it to him and he looks through it carefully and methodically, running his finger along the list of names. Reaching the end, he hands the index back to the agent and says: "It isn't what you claim it is. I happen to know the greatest talker in the world, and you haven't her in the index."

USE FOR SPIDER'S NEST.

Mexican Natives Make of It a Remedy Against the Fly Plague. It is perhaps difficult to account for the fact that certain very harmless fellow creatures of ours are almost invariably looked upon with repulsion if not with absolute horror. The number of individuals who care to have snakes as pets is comparatively few, and those who are interested in spiders must for ever be snarled in spiders. Sentiment is occasionally powerful enough indeed to overcome antipathy to what is loathsome. There are parts of Britain in which even a member of the so-called weaker sex will view with equanimity a red spider running over her sleeve, whereas she would tread remorselessly under foot the common or garden variety. For the red spider is a precursor of wealth.

The utility of the spider, the fact that it has a part to play in the economy of nature, is very slowly being recognized in this country, but there are regions of the world where sentiment has given place to the conviction that certain classes at any rate of the insect play a role that is both useful and beneficial to man.

M. L. Diquet, who has been on a mission in a district of Mexico which he calls Michoacan, has brought back tidings of a spider's nest which is used by the natives for self-protection during the rainy season and which forms a notable addition to the adornment of the rooms in which they live. In the Bulletin de la Societe Nationale d'Acclimatation, he describes the mosquito, as it is called, which has been used as a remedy for the fly plague from time immemorial. At the beginning of the rainy season the exodus from the villages begins. The inhabitants stream up the wooded hillsides, and the picture he draws of the long procession of branches, each of which contains one or more coveted mosquito, reminds one of the wood of Dunsinane.

The nests are large enough to cover a space of a couple of square yards and are like a huge sponge. This is strung to the branches by thick threads which act as cables? Then come the thinner and stickier ropes which are to act as catchers of the harmful, unnecessary fly.

The inside of the nest is simply a mesh of interwoven lines pierced with passages and galleries—all kept in a state of perfect sweetness by a tiny parasite, one of the cleopterans, swarms of which live and move, have their being and find their nurture within its recesses. The season goes on, and the nest increases concentrically in size

As each capture is made it is secured by freshly made webs and the remains, after host and parasite have satisfied their appetites, becomes an integral part of the surface of the nest.—Westminster Gazette.

WOMEN SHOULD SWIM.

It Is the Only Way to Secure a Perfect Figure, Says Bostonian. That any woman can swim herself into good if not a perfect figure is the belief of Miss Beatrice Street, instructor in the public swimming tanks at Brookline, the woman who teaches all the children in Brookline to swim, Phoebe Dwight says in the Boston Traveler.

And when I saw what Miss Street had accomplished for herself I did not wonder at her confidence in the wonders her art can work, especially after she told me that she had at one time been slight to the verge of ungainliness. Miss Street, who has the reputation of being one of the most perfectly built women in Massachusetts, is not tall—five feet and three-quarters in her swimming suit—but she has a figure so perfectly formed and carried that one is not the least bit conscious of her shortness.

But Miss Street does not believe in working with the direct object of a good figure. "Swimming gives a woman a good figure because it develops her or trims her down into a perfectly normal or healthy condition," she explained. "If she's too fat it makes her thinner. If she's too thin it gives her muscular development. One should work to be healthy and the good figure will be a natural result."

"Nothing in excess," is one of this athletic young woman's favorite mottoes. "It isn't good to try to either lose or gain weight too fast," she said. "When a person tells me she has taken off forty or fifty pounds in a year I know she can't be in a very good condition. And in the same way I don't think it pays to put on flesh too rapidly. The weight you gain slowly is the good, healthy weight that will stand by you."

"Swimming cannot possibly hurt any one, except some one with a very weak heart. Any one can learn to swim and swim well. Long-distance swimming is, of course, a matter of endurance and strength, but any one can learn to swim short distances easily," is Miss Street's dictum. "Why, when you realize that we have succeeded in teaching even cripples and partially paralyzed people to swim you can see that no ordinary person can have any excuse for not being able to learn to swim well."

RIVERS AS RATE REGULATORS.

Possibilities in Competition Well Known by Railway Managers. Senator Clark of Arkansas, perhaps humorously, suggests that the nation at government, instead of making appropriations to improve the Missouri, might spend the money to build two railroads paralleling the river. With out going into the practicalities of this original idea it is enough to say that the Senator loses sight of one of the largest considerations in the case, and that is the establishment of low freight rates on a stable basis. Even in their present unimproved condition the navigable rivers of the Mississippi valley are some protection against excessive railroad charges. The St. Louis Globe-Democrat says: "The rivers, though much as nature made them, offer possibilities in competition and railway managers are not unmindful of the point where freight rates would arouse the river interests to action. Senator Clark does not say what should be done with the two railroads when completed. They would be a large order if used to initiate the policy of government ownership. If leased to private corporations, the freight rates would be all that the traffic would bear, with the understanding that the improvement of the Missouri had been abandoned and the hope of adequate river competition extinguished."

Some of the members of the Senate committee on commerce treat water way improvement as a problem in the experimental stage. How is it that the canals and deepened rivers of Europe are put aside entirely in what these antagonistic Senators have to say on the subject? What, in Senator Burton's judgment, is the significance of the fact that 90,000,000 tons of freight passed through the lakes last year? Lake channels have been deepened to twenty-two feet by government appropriations and no one knows better than Senator Burton, who has been an enthusiast in getting public money for the lakes, that the resulting commerce has increased beyond the estimates of the most sanguine. Three times as much shipping passes through the Soo locks as through the Suez canal. There are Senators on the committee who hold the Mississippi and Missouri critically at arm's length as if the idea of deepening their channels permanently were something unique and peculiarly hazardous as a financial and commercial undertaking. Is the trouble with such Senators prejudice or sectional narrowness?

The One Deficiency.

Matilda's joined a cooking class. At morning I awoke To find a fringe of herbs and grass Around my bit of steak. At dinner decorations strange Are floating in the soup. And there are forks and spoons that Just like a warrior troop.

And there are ruffles on the chop, And lemons everywhere; I know not where the crane will stop, In fact, I should not care, If all the "blinds thus arrayed With daintiness complete Could some time and somehow be made More possible in eat.—St. Louis Republic.

A Change Desired.

Mr. Grouch—These biscuits of yours are like rocks. What do you take me for, an ostrich?

Mrs. Grouch—I wish you were, my dear; then maybe I could get some feathers for my new spring hat.—Judge.

One of the surprising things in this old world is the ease with which some sinners make money.